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Saint
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College
Review

Xmas
1905

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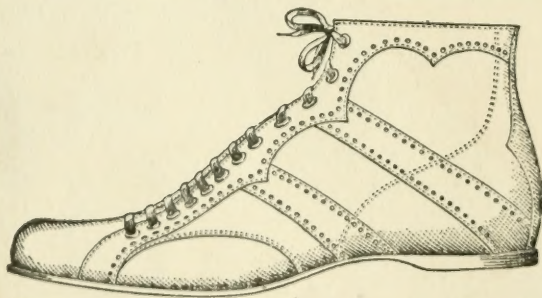
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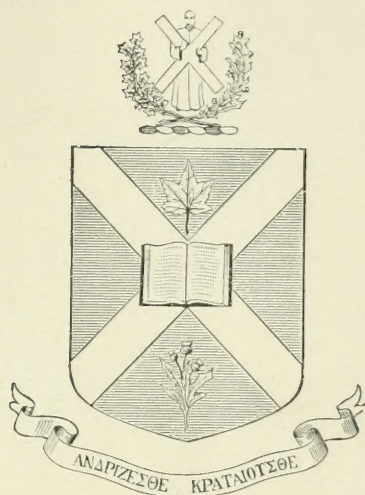
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J. BROTHERTON

550 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1905

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Editor-in-Chief : - CAMERON WILSON, B.A.


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WINANS
ALLEN II
BRONSON

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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



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Mulholland	Macdonald	Bale	Mr. Cooper	McLaren	Moffatt	Carver
Crosen	MacArthur	Tonel	Alan (Captain)	Willmott	Blackstock	Birrell
	Ferguson				Bromson	

THE FIRST FOOTBALL TEAM, 1905

St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

EDITORS: MOFFAT, MASSEY, WINANS, ALLEN II, BRONSON.

BUSINESS MANAGER: DRISCOLL. ASSISTANT MANAGER: TOVELL. ILLUSTRATIONS: McLACHLAN

Christmas, 1905

Editorials.

Within a few days from the publishing of the CHRISTMAS. REVIEW, Christmas will be upon us. To a great extent the long corridors will be deserted; most of the dormitories will be wrapped in an unnatural stillness; the abomination of desolation will have settled upon the college.

To all who go, and to those few who stay, the REVIEW extends heartiest good wishes for the best of holidays.

The spirit of Christmas is abroad in the land. The shops bespeak Christmas; the streets swarm with Christmas wayfarers; there is an air of suppressed excitement in every home, and around cheery fire-places is emanating a vague atmosphere of mystery from the chimney's blackness.

Stockings of many sizes are held in readiness for the eve of the Day of Days. They vary in size from the tiny creation of two or three inches long to the larger and more copious ones of an older Tom or Dick—or possibly the loudly-striped sock of some paterfamilias. Later, they hang in an imposing row of simple trustfulness before the huge fireplaces wherein logs snap and blaze, casting a ruddy glare over the silent room; the old clock ticks away the minutes with measured slowness, the wind howls without, sleet and snow beat against the windows,

and in the wee small hours wondrous changes happen. Boyhood scepticism or dubious uncertainty are confounded, for in the morning are there not in those very stockings ocular proof of a nightly visit and of some saintly, beneficent hand?

Perhaps we pass the stocking stage, perhaps not, to regard with a more sober and mature reflection the marvels that are wrought in the glow of the logs on Christmas Eve; nevertheless, these reflections lack that delightful mysticism attendant upon earlier years; we realize more the sacredness of the time, the sweet and divine personality of the Christ-child. This deeper sentiment takes the place of those earlier dreams that merge gradually into the brighter lights of time's revelations.

Then comes the time when we have left the home fireside, with its tender, clinging traditions and warm sentiments; the age of stockings still remains strong in our hearts, the days of boyhood scepticism become laughable in their sage philosophy, but through it all we see the home-altars ablaze, the shifting faggots with their associations and day-dreams, and the fading embers so full of dormant memories.

A Happy New Year to all readers of the REVIEW!

THE NEW Old 1905 is fast waning. As individuals and
YEAR. as a college we stand upon the threshold of a
 new year. Many changes have happened during
the past twelvemonth. As individuals we have come through
the usual run of good and ill; we have tasted the sweets of
success and happiness; we have drunk the dregs of failure and
disappointment; we have made a few good friends and, mayhap,
have lost a few equally good. We have known heart-ache
and we have known rejoicing. But in a few days 1905 will be
to us as a closed page; it will be as a tale that is told. Peace to
its ashes!

As a college we have also experienced changes; we have shifted our location and are comfortably settled in new quarters. The old school, with its rapid growth and pleasant memories, has been demolished, and a new school is ours—a building about which time will soon weave the warp and woof of school history and tradition.

Great possibilities lie before us, and the day will surely come when the men of future years will proudly lay claim to their heritage as sons of old Saint Andrew's. We are the first to start the ball of success rolling from the new college. May we have the wisdom and the courage to guide its early course aright that it may continue to speed in a path whose landmarks are honesty, purity, bravery and brotherly love!

College spirit is the foundation of college success.

COLLEGE While we cannot say that the boys of St.

SPIRIT Andrew's are lacking in this essential, there certainly seems room for improvement. During the fall there appears to have been a greater showing of this much-desired enthusiasm, and we hope this spirit of loyalty—a loyalty that is not afraid to show itself—has come to stay.

Very often we fail to realize until it is too late just how much the Alma Mater means to us. We pass several years in a school or college; we get the best that can be had; we feel that our money is well spent; in an impassive sort of way we grow to love the buildings, the associations, the traditions, the daily life of the place. But after we have passed from those sheltering walls; after we have left behind the well-known haunts, the favorite corners, the familiar athletic centres, we sometimes realize with painful suddenness how much it all meant to us and how we failed to appreciate it at the time.

The school-life is a big part in every man's life. In later years,

when slight boys have grown into tall men of aldermanic proportions; when the first team cap won at eighteen barely covers the bald spot of paterfamilias at forty-eight; when the memory of strong butter, tough beef, and thin, watery soups has become glorified by the passage of time,—then does the man grasp the truth which, as a boy, his eyes failed to discern. The sweet remembrances of school-life, the tender associations, the faithful friendships and care-free comradeship, the simple, daily life of helpful activity—they all mean more than words can ever express.

Make the best of it all, then, while you may. Time is ruthless, and waits for neither man nor boy. Love your college; be proud of its good name; cherish its traditions; take its best and give your best. And when you feel that love surging in your heart, do not be afraid to show it. Silence can kill the love in your own heart, and it can chill other hearts as well. Let your love find expression; give it voice in your college calls, in your loyal support of all college institutions, in your work and in your play. If an object is worthy of love, that love is worthy of expression.

Verbum sat sapienti!

In this issue are published the three stories
 STORY awarded prizes in the REVIEW contest. We con-
 CONTEST: gratulate the successful authors, and at the same
 time wish to thank the others who showed their
 interest in the college paper by entering the competition.

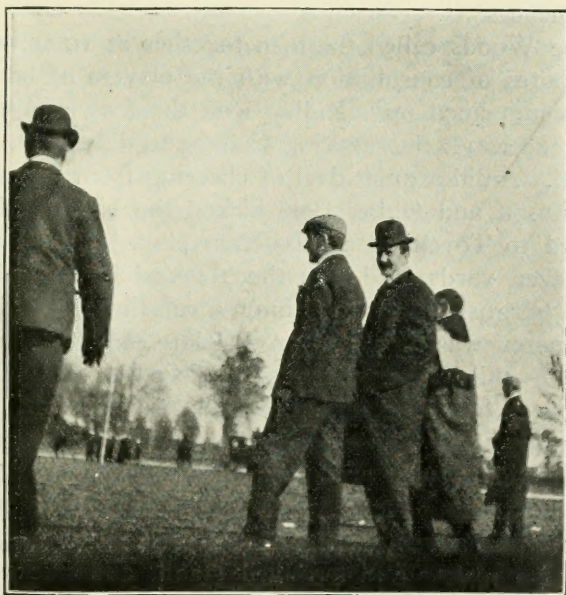
Each of the stories was, in its way, good. Unfortunately, however, some of them were not in the line of Christmas stories, either in theme or setting.

Those boys in the college who have any literary talent can do much towards making the REVIEW a success by contributing stories, poems, or articles that would be of interest to all.

It is unfair that the immediate staff should have all the hard work to do in connection with the publishing of the paper. The college magazine is a college institution to just the same extent as other organizations, and is entitled not only to the financial support but to the literary talent of any who are able to write.

The REVIEW is sent broadcast through our own country; it is to be found in the exchange department of many of the large American schools and colleges. Accordingly we should strive to give of our best literary efforts to the paper which is to carry the atmosphere and tone of our school into the wide, outside ranges of collegiate life.


The editors, therefore, ask for the support both of day boys and of boarders in this matter of contributions. Do not be afraid to try what you can do, nor allow yourselves to be held back by any sense of false modesty. Behind your pen may lie the latent power of a Henty, a Thompson-Seton, a Jules Verne, or even—a "Diamond Dick"! Who can tell?



"And the score was 5-1."

Athletics.

S.A.C. vs. RIDLEY.

 SAINT ANDREW'S opened the 1905 Rugby season of the Big Four by playing Ridley at Rosedale on the 21st day of October. College was defeated.

As we were undoubtedly as good as any team in the Big Four, there can be only one explanation for our defeat at the hands of Ridley. There is no question that it was a misplaced team that lost the game. Crossen, one of last year's fastest wing men, was given a chance to prove his ability as a half-back. Macdonald I., who was never on the first half-line before, was also given a try. Both these players, although doing their best considering their positions, showed great nervousness, and a marked tendency to fumble, which was fatal in its consequences.

Referee Woods called the men together at 10.45, and after a few minutes of consultation with the players of both teams, the contestants lined up. Ridley won the toss, and elected to kick with the wind, thus leaving College to defend the east end of the field. Amid a great deal of cheering from the supporters of the crimson and white, Bole kicked the ball to McArthur, who passed to Tovell on a criss-cross play. Tovell advanced the ball seven yards, and was then tackled by Merril. From first down Fergusson fails to gain on a run through right middle wing. Crossen was then sent around left end, but gained only a yard. On third down Fergusson kicked to Ridley's 5-yard line. Maxwell quickly returned to College's 45-yard line, where Fergusson fumbles. Three downs here, without any gain, gave the ball to Ridley, who are given their first chance to demonstrate their attacking methods. Maxwell uses the wind that is blowing to good advantage, and kicks to S. A. C. 15-yard line. Here College makes a determined stand, and bucks the ball back to half way, and then loses it on downs. Maxwell again

kicked and Crossen fumbled. Aston, who had followed up quickly, falls on the ball. Here Ridley had their first down on S. A. C. 15-yard line. A formation was made for a kick, but Maxwell passed out to Lee I., who goes over for a touch-down, Bole again kicked off to McArthur, who on a criss-cross passed to Tovell. Risley tackled Tovell, who loses the ball. Ridley by end runs got ball into College territory. Lee I., on his last down (20-yard line), kicked over S. A. C. goal line, and Macdonald, instead of rouging, tried to return the ball by kicking it. The result was Wren caught the ball on S. A. C. goal line and easily went over for a try. This try was converted, and gave Ridley eleven points altogether. There were two and one-half minutes of this half remaining, and when the whistle blew the wearers of the red were working like Trojans for a try on Ridley's 15-yard line.

Ridley was allowed the kick-off in the second half. Lee I. kicked along the line to Torrey, who fumbled, and Wilmott promptly fell on the ball. On first down, with the wind, Fergusson started kicking tactics, and the ball goes to Ridley 25-yard line. Bronson followed down quickly and tackled Lee II., who tried to run the ball back. Maxwell kicked to Macdonald, who fumbled on his own 45-yard line, but recovered the ball and ran it back ten yards before being brought down. Crossen kicked to Hargraft, who, while endeavoring to run the ball back, lost it. Fergusson recovered the ball and kicked behind Ridley's goal line. Maxwell tried to run the ball back and was tackled on his own goal line by Mulholland. Ridley tried to make a left end run, but McArthur broke through and forced Maxwell back for a safety touch. Maxwell made a fake quarter-way kick, and advanced the ball for twenty yards by a beautiful run. Ridley had several downs, and managed to reach S. A. C. 15-yard line, where they were held for downs. Fergusson kicked to half-way; the wings followed up quickly; Mulholland intercepted a pass, and advanced the ball ten yards. Crossen kicked, and Allan, who was quickly down the field, tackled Lee behind his own line, forcing him to rouge. Maxwell, from quarter-way, kicked into Moffat's arms, who kicked a deadline. Ridley here took a decided stand, and advanced the ball to S. A. C. 20-yard line, but College again held them on

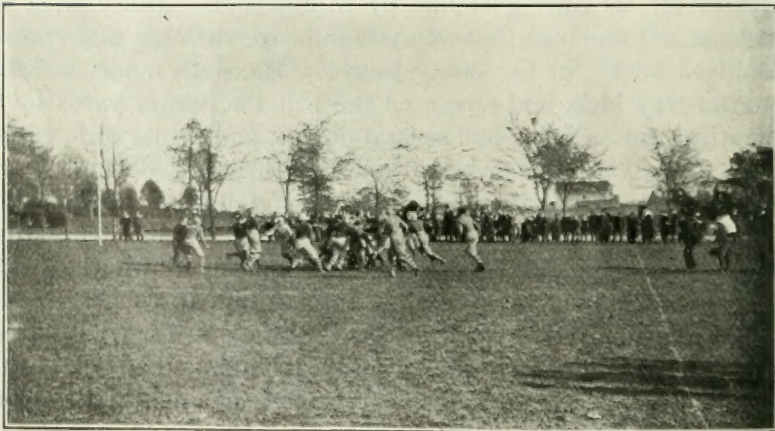
downs. Macdonald tried to make an end run, but was forced back for five yards, and lost the ball. Maxwell kicks a skyscraper, which Fergusson fumbled behind his own line. Cassels got through and fell on the ball for Ridley's third touch-down. S. A. C. realized the number of points they were behind, and went to work with a greater will than they had shown at any time during the game. Several exchanges of punts saw the ball in Ridley's possession on her 20-yard line. Ridley tried to buck, but again lost the ball on downs. Macdonald kicked a high one, and Captain Allan, who was always well down under all kicks, tackled Hargraft, bringing him down in his tracks. This was the last point scored. In two minutes time was called, with S. A. C. bucking Ridley back from her 45-yard line. The final score was 16-5. Ridley was superior over College in kicking and catching, but could not compare in bucking and running with the Saints.

The teams lined up as follows:

Ridley—Full, Lee II.; halves, Hargraft, Maxwell and Lee (capt.); quarter, Wren; scrimmage, Mills, Bricker and Fowler; wings, Aston, Torrey, Cassels, Slater, Merrill and Risley.

Saint Andrew's—Full, Moffat; halves, Crossen, Fergusson, Macdonald I.; quarter, McArthur; scrimmage, Bole, Allan (capt.), Berril; wings, Carver, Bronson, Mulholland, Willmott, Tovell and McLaren.

WESLEY W. WINANS,
Form V. A.



SAINT ANDREW'S vs. TRINITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.

THE most decisive victory for St. Andrew's was gained when College met and blanked Trinity College School by a score of 28-0. There was not a department in the game in which College failed to show superiority. A full attendance of ladies and rooters helped to well fill the grand stand on the north side of the grounds, and no doubt did much to encourage the Saints to once more administer defeat to the Port Hope team. The College team was in much better condition than when they met Bishop Ridley College. The moving of Bronson and McLaren back on the half-line showed fine judgment on Captain Allan's part. The muffs made by the back division in this game were so few and far between that they can easily be overlooked. As Trinity were late in arriving, the game was not started until 10.45.

T. C. S. won the toss, and chose to defend the western goal, with a strong wind blowing from the east. College had the kick-off, and Captain Allan kicked along the line to Tovell. However, the kick was so low that Tovell could not get it. Mulholland fell on the ball, and so the first down was almost in mid-field. McArthur passed to McLaren, who went through middle left wing for twelve yards. It was very apparent that the T. C. S. line was weak, and therefore College went at it all the more encouraged. Trinity was bucked back on her 15-yard line. Crossen, who was given the ball for a right end run, fell in behind Moffat, and lost the ball to T. C. S., because "Doc" Woods considered it offside interference. T. C. S. showed very poor football from their first down. They started running instead of kicking, when they had a good wind behind them. McKenzie tried a right end run, and Moffat dived at him, but missed. Moffat struck his shoulder on the ground and dislocated it badly, the injury causing him to retire. Blackstock, first substitute of the team, replaced him, and played a star game until the calling of time. Stone was given the ball for a run through right middle, but was thrown back for a loss by Carver I. Stone kicked to Bronson, who, by a long, dodging

run, carried the ball back to the T. C. S. 10-yard line. In a scrimmage T. C. S. are offside, and College was awarded a free kick. McLaren kicked across the line, but Drummond quickly cleared by another kick. Fergusson caught the ball, and made a twenty-yard run down the left touch line. He was tackled on the T. C. S. 45-yard line, and was thrown into touch. From here College swept T. C. S. back to their own 15-yard line by large gains through left middle wing and right outside. In this long gain College were not forced to resort to kicking on a single last down. At this point in the game it looked as if a touch-down would surely be secured. But luck was with T. C. S., and Fergusson, by a misunderstanding of the signals, failed to be in his place when the ball was passed out. The result was Bigbee broke through and fell on the ball, which was rolling along the ground. He passed to Van Allan, who started for the S. A. C. goal line, with a clear field before him. But Blackstock was equal to the occasion, and by a fine dive tackle brought Van Allan to the ground. Stone kicked to S. A. C. 40-yard line. McLaren caught the ball and made a running pass to Bronson, who took the ball to the T. C. S. quarter-way line. Captain Allan considered it time for the team to score, and called on them to do so. They responded by putting McLaren over for the first try after four good bucks. Bronson tried, but failed, to convert the try. T. C. S. kicked off straight down the field. Bronson caught the kick and returned it against the wind to McKenzie, who fumbled it. Captain Allan fell on the ball, and S. A. C. started a procession of bucks toward the west-end goal line. Crossen made a spirited run across the field with but little gain. Half-time was called, with College on T. C. S.'s 20-yard line, and the score 5-0.

S. A. C. had the wind in the second half, and wasted no time in making use of it. Drummond kicked off down to S. A. C.'s 50-yard line. McLaren caught the ball and ran it back to half-way, from where he kicked a dead-line. This was the longest kick of the year for S. A. C., and is without equal in any Canadian preparatory school for 1905. McKenzie, from quarter-way, dropped the ball over Bronson's head. "Pig" quickly recovered, and ran it back to T. C. S. 10-yard line. McLaren had very little trouble in going over from here for

the second try of the game. Bronson by a pretty place kick converted it.

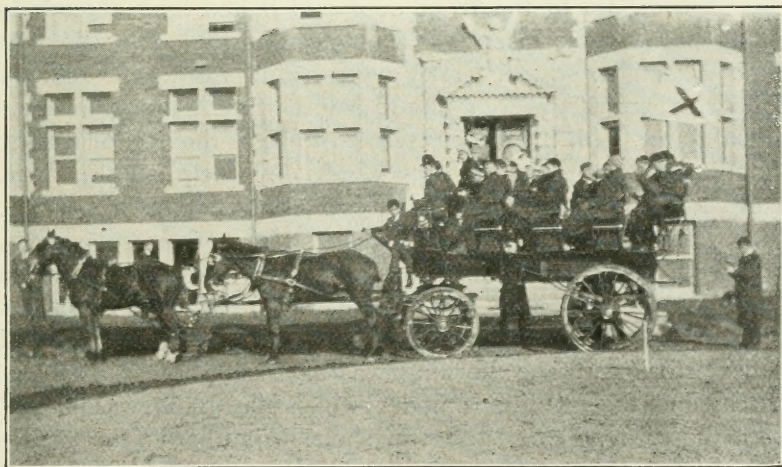
To give in detail the account of the remaining play left in this half would be boring to the readers. A good idea of it may be derived, however, if one pictures a tall, red-headed boy kicking long punts over the T. C. S. line for rouges, dead lines or touches in goal. During this last half two T. C. S. men, owing to injuries received, had to retire. Meredith was the first to go; then followed Drummond, whom Captain Allan allowed to be replaced by Seagram. T. C. S. went home feeling very downcast, as they had come to Toronto fully determined to give S. A. C. a good beating. Dr. W. G. Woods refereed, and "Katy" Nichols, of Varsity, kindly consented to act as umpire.

The teams lined up as follows:

T. C. S.—Full, Meredith; halves, Drummond, Stone and McKenzie; quarter, Campbell; scrimmage, Kinnon, Grey and Allan; wings, Van Allan, Scott, Parker, Champion, Rodgers and Bigbee.

S. A. C.—Full, Macdonald; halves, Fergusson, McLaren I. and Bronson; quarter, McArthur; scrimmage, Berril, Allan (capt.) and Bole; wings, Crossen, Carver, Willmott, Moffat (Blackstock), Mulholland and Tovell.

WESLEY W. WINANS,
Form V. A.





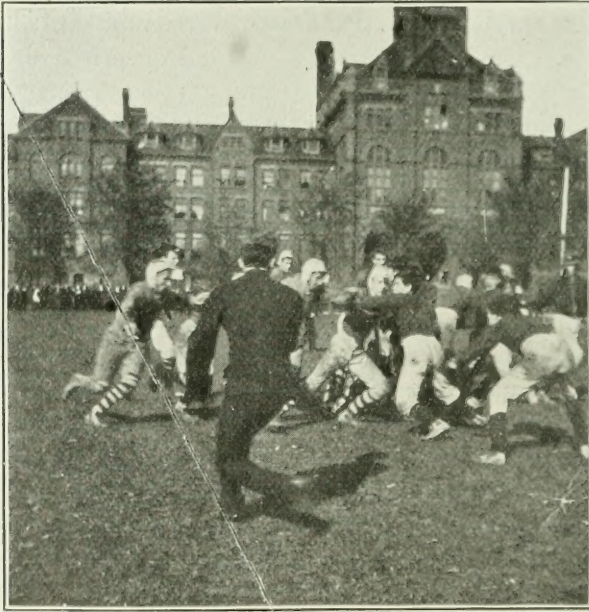
SAINT ANDREW'S COLLEGE vs. UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

AT ten minutes after ten on Saturday morning, November 11th, a tally-ho, drawn by four prancing brown horses, drew up to the front door and halted long enough to allow three masters and nineteen husky-looking boys to climb in and be seated. They were bound for Upper Canada College, where they were going to play U. C. C.'s first team their annual game. All the players seemed to be in the best of spirits, and dispelled all signs of nervousness by their singing and rendering of college yells. As they entered the gate at U. C. C. they were greeted by prolonged cheers from their supporters, who were lined up on both sides of the driveway. The whole College was there, and everywhere was visible the glorious crimson and white, which before the day was over proved itself to be victorious. The morning was an ideal one for a Rugby match, and the conditions under which the game was played were most favorable. The sun shone brightly on the many-

colored fabrics, which the sharp breeze blew first one way and then another, adding much to the gaiety of the scene. On three different occasions St. Andrew's has, at the close of the game, left the U. C. C. field defeated, and so it was a very determined team that came on the field at fifteen minutes after eleven, when referee "Doc" Woods summoned the players forth to do combat. Two of the players on the S. A. C. team were substitutes; but this did not cause any dismay or cast any gloom over the cheering common herd on the side line.

Although a heavy wind was blowing, four fifteen-minute quarters were agreed upon, thereby overcoming all difficulties in that line. U. C. C. won the toss, and surprised everybody by doing an apparently senseless thing—they elected to kick against the wind, with the sun in their faces, and working uphill, thus showing poor judgment from the blow of the whistle. S. A. C. realized their good fortune, and lost no time in experiments, but settled down to hard, straight football from the first. Captain Allan kicked off to Tovell, who sent the ball sailing down to U. C. C.'s 15-yard line, where Baker was prevented from returning by Captain Allan, who had followed down quickly. Upper Canada had three downs on her 15-yard line, and as she gained only three yards, the ball went to S. A. C. on downs. "Red" McLaren, who played a clever game, kicked the ball over for a dead line two minutes after the game had started. Within five minutes McLaren's right foot had booted the pigskin for two more dead lines. U. C. C. were plainly distressed, and saw that a change had to be made, as S. A. C. were scoring at the rate of a half a point a minute. Their new tactics were to keep the ball on the ground as much as possible, and to kick the ball into touch. McArthur (U. C. C.) kicked from quarter-way into touch for very little gain. Bronson was given a try around right end with but little advance. U. C. C. worked very hard, but it was of little avail, for before time was called two more dead lines were kicked, making the score for the first quarter 5-0. The two teams changed ends, and the game proceeded without interruption. The second quarter saw Upper Canada kicking with the wind. The supporters of the blue and white expected to see Upper Canada roll up as large if not greater score than S. A. C. had succeeded

in making the first quarter. However, they were doomed to disappointment, for so hard did the boys in crimson work that U. C. C. could score only one point, and that came after many efforts. This lone point was scored about three minutes before the quarter was up. Baker twice kicked the ball into touch. S. A. C. lost the ball on her own 20-yard line on an offside. McArthur (U. C. C.) then kicked the ball over for the only point that rewarded U. C. C.'s most strenuous efforts this half.



Half-time was called after the ball was kicked from S. A. C.'s 10-yard line back to the half-way line.

During the intermission a large flag bearing the cross of St. Andrew's was attacked by a troop of sore-head Upper Canada youths. However, they did not accomplish very much, and before the third quarter was started the red and white standard was floating proudly at the top of a nearby goal-post. Each team started the second half fully determined to beat their opponents, consequently the play was much faster and a trifle

more strenuous. Gzowski and French, of Upper Canada, were both forced to retire owing to the pace the game was travelling in the line of roughing it. College (S. A. C.) tried hard for a touch-down. Crossen and Tovell were both used almost continuously in an effort to put the ball over; but the tackling of Baker and Bull did much to prevent the crimson from going over the U. C. C. touchline. When this means did not bring in the points as quickly as the first method tried, namely, kicking, it was immediately changed for the time being, and kicking was again resorted to. One dead-line came quickly after the change; then Gzowski was injured. Macdonald I. went off to even up, and the game was once more resumed after a short delay. In way of repetition McLaren kicked another dead-line. From quarter-way U. C. C. managed to advance the ball to their own 45-yard line, but here they lost on downs. Two minutes of this half remained, and as S. A. C. did not think there was time for a touch-down, McLaren was called on and scored S. A. C.'s last point on another dead-line. This quarter then ended with the score 8-1 in favor of St. Andrew's.

Upper Canada seemed incapable of learning by experience; because they started off the last quarter with the same old mistake of trying to buck the crimson line back. However, this proved almost impossible to do, for only once did the situation become at all dangerous for the S. A. C. touch-line. U. C. C. had the ball on S. A. C.'s 5-yard line, and things certainly were getting rather exciting. It was the same old story of "so near and yet so far," because the Saints not only held their own but started to buck Upper Canada back. U. C. C., to save themselves from losing the ball on downs, kicked, and the ball rolled across the dead-line for U. C. C.'s second point. On a fake drop kick-off from quarter-way, S. A. C. started to buck up the field, carrying the ball and the majority of the U. C. C. team before them. Wing-tricks were used almost exclusively, and U. C. C. seemed to be unable to stop them, and were apparently greatly puzzled by them. Things were beginning to look very dark for U. C. C. when Baker, who had at all times played well for U. C. C., relieved by a fine punt into S. A. C. territory. Two downs were held on S. A. C.'s 35-yard line, and then time was called.

It would be almost impossible to describe the scene that followed. Hats, megaphones, flags and canes went up in the air. Boys hugged one another, and the team was carried off the field by the loyal supporters who during the game had yelled themselves hoarse. A crowd assembled around the tally-ho before it left the grounds, and every member of the team was individually cheered for. It was a great victory for St. Andrew's, as it was the first time they had ever beaten Upper Canada, and, moreover, it was the first time U. C. C. was ever defeated on her own grounds. The victory was won by no fluke or lucky chance; it was by straight, hard football. S. A. C. had a better-conditioned team, and had Upper Canada beaten at all stages in every respect. Every man on the team played a star game. The wings did all that could have been desired, and the back division seldom made a mistake. Captain Allan deserves all praise for the manner in which he selected the team and kept them moving. His own following up was a noticeable feature in all the games. McLaren was the pick of the half-backs, and always played a heady game. Fergusson and Bronson were both splendid half-backs also, and were always ready when called upon. Blackstock, Tovell and Crossen worked hard and tackled well. For U. C. C., Baker, Bull and McArthur played their best. It is now to be hoped that next year's Christmas REVIEW will have the same story to tell in regard to the U. C. C. *vs.* S. A. C. game, and it will be acceptable and gladly welcomed by all S. A. C. boys, be they present or old.

"Doc" Woods, referee, and Hal. Burnham, officiated to the entire satisfaction of all.

The teams lined up as follows:

S. A. C.—Full, Macdonald I.; halves, Fergusson, McLaren and Bronson; quarter, McArthur; scrimmage, Berril, Allan (capt.) and Bole; wings, Crossen, Tuckett, Wilmott, Tovell, Blackstock and Mulholland.

U. C. C.—Full, Woods; halves, McArthur, Gzowski and Baker; quarter, Douglas; scrimmage, Gilmour I., Baptist and Patterson; wings, Gilmour II., French, Davis, Goad, Cross and Bull.

WESLEY W. WINANS,

Form V. A.



THE SECOND TEAM, '05

SAINT ANDREW'S II TEAM, 1905.

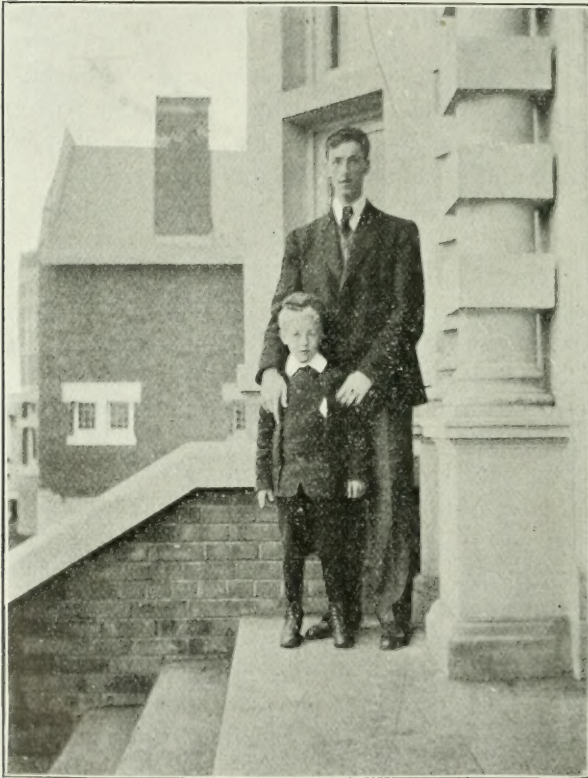
ALTHOUGH but very little has been heard of the second Rugby team of 1905, it does not signify that much praise is not due to it. If a glorious name and success is achieved only by the number of victories gained on the football gridiron, then the past season has been a failure, because both the games played were defeats for the seconds. However, the matter of games with outside teams was a secondary consideration, because from the first practice the seconds made it their mission to perfect the condition of the first team as much as they could. Captain Zeigler, who has played Rugby ever since he has been at the College, conducted the team throughout the season, and much credit is due to him for the thorough manner in which he has put the men under him through their duties. Only two games were played with teams other than those in the College. It was Highfield's first team which did the trick. The wearers of the green from Hamilton had a very fast team to oppose our seconds in both games. They defeated the seconds at the intercollegiate game, as well as snap-back. The first game was played at Rosedale, and Highfield by very hard work succeeded in winning by the close score of fourteen to eleven. The second game, which was played in Hamilton under the snap-back rules, had a very different score but the same result. The score was nineteen to nothing, and should have been more, because the team seemed bewildered from the kick-off. Coming back to Toronto on the train, Acting Captain Kilgour I. was heard to say that if the seconds were beaten he was sure that everybody had a fine time.

This year's second team is very encouraging when one considers the prospects of securing good material for the 1906 first team. There will be vacant places of this year's first team to be filled next year; but the tackling, running, kicking and general work of the '05 second team was such that there need be no anxiety for 1906 material. The average weight of the seconds was one hundred and thirty-two pounds. Where the team lost in weight it made up in speed. In the first game against

Hamilton Highfield I. the tackling was splendid; as for the second game the least mention made of it the better. It is to be hoped that the boys representing the seconds next year will be as good as this year's team. The seconds lined up as follows:

Full, McPherson I.; halves, Zeigler (capt.), Kilgour, Crawford; quarter, Duncanson; scrimmage, Winans, Hope, Gill; wings, Carver II, Driscoll, Brown, Burton, Tuckett and Smith II.

WESLEY W. WINANS,
Form V. A.



"Tiny and Snowball."



THE THIRD TEAM, '05

SAINT ANDREW'S III TEAM, 1905.



MITTING the firsts, no team in the College has been so successful as the thirds have this year. It was without a doubt the fastest third team ever representing St. Andrew's. During the season they have played seven games. Out of this number they have won three and lost four, scoring seventy-three points against their opponents' thirty-eight. A difficulty faced the thirds when they started to play this fall. The team had rather hard work to get a scrub team to give their regulars practice. Practices could not always be held with the fourths as this team had quite a large squad of its own, every member of which was struggling to gain a place on the team. However, the thirds generally managed to put in an hour's hard work every day, and evidenced their ability to make the seconds go at a strenuous pace in order to show their superiority.

The first two games go down in the third team history for 1905 as defeats. Harbord Collegiate seconds decisively beat the thirds by a score of ten to nothing. Superior weight told in this game, as the Harbord line bucked the thirds back for losses throughout the entire game. U. C. C. thirds was the next team to defeat the S. A. C. thirds. In the first half each team scored a rouge, and U.C.C. scored a touch-down on an off-side which McLaren, who refereed the game, did not see. This left the score six to one. In the second half S.A.C. went to work and scored four dead-lines. This was the best they could do, however, and the game ended with the final score six to five. With a determination born of defeat the thirds went over to St. Alban's and conquered their first team eight to nothing. On U. C. C.'s grounds the thirds went down to defeat to the tune of seven to one. If the seconds were defeated twice by the Highfield first team, the thirds surely had revenge, for they (the thirds) whitewashed Highfield seconds forty-one to nothing. The season was brought to a close by two games with Parkdale Collegiate seconds. The first game was lost by one point, twelve to thirteen, but the

second game was won, the score being six to five. The team which represented the thirds for '05 was:

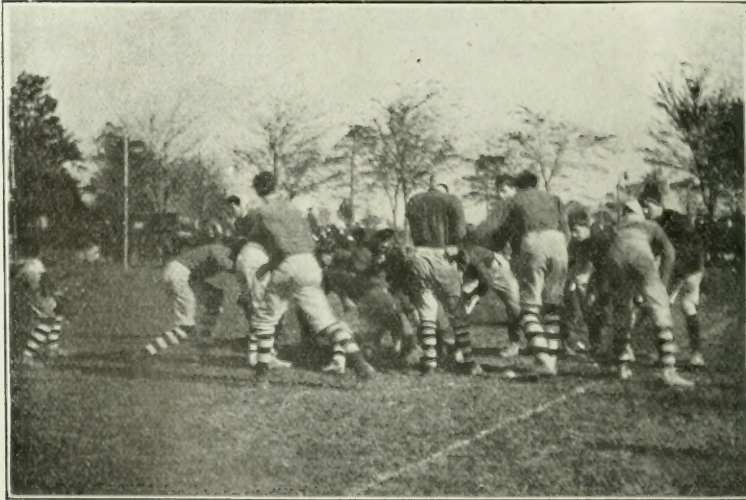
Full, McLaren II.; halves, Ramsey, Parsons (capt.) and Norris I.; quarter, Grass; scrimmage, Johnston I., Fraser and Copping; wings, Carver II., Holden, McNeil, Norris II., Sutherland and Wheeler.

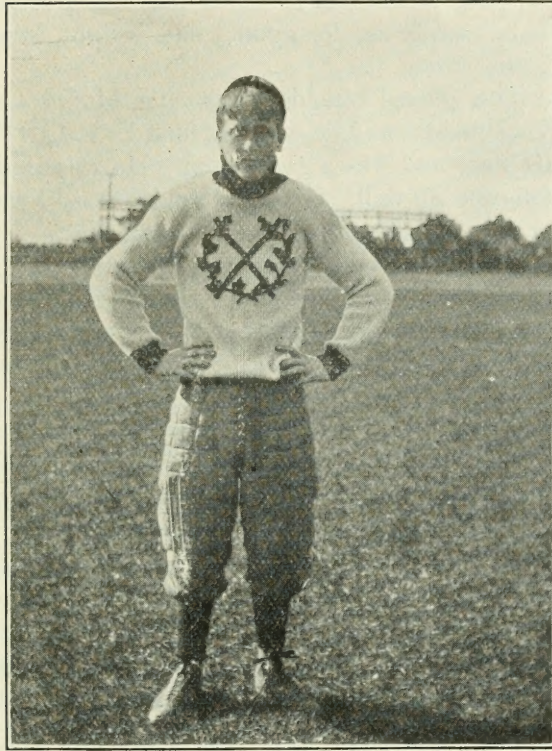
The Saint Andrew's College Fifth Team have had a very successful season, having won all its games.

The line-up was as follows: Halves, Corbould, Carlyle, Parsons II (man.); wings, Macdonald, Macpherson, McMichael; Bath (snap); Junkin, McLaren III, Ross I, Grant II (capt.); full, Perry.

Matches: Tigers 0, S.A.C. 10; Tigers 0, S.A.C. 28; U.C.C. Prep. 0, S.A.C. 10; U.C.C. Prep. 0, S.A.C. 34; U.C.C. Lower Flat 0, S.A.C. 13.

WESLEY W. WINANS,
Form V. A.





Captain Allan.

PERSONNEL OF FIRST RUGBY TEAM.

ALLEN I., captain of the team, played centre scrummage, as he did last year. He got the ball out clean and well, was frequently the first man through the line and the first on the ball when kicked. He proved an efficient captain, both on account of his playing and on account of the way in which he handled the team throughout the season. It is safe to say that no S. A. C. captain ever kept his head better during a game, or was quicker to see and take advantage of the best play to adopt at any time.

BIRRELL (left scrimmage).—This was his first year in the game, and he easily made good; had weight, strength and nerve, and used them.

BLACKSTOCK played outside wing after Moffat was hurt in the T. C. S. game and middle wing against U. C. C. He worked hard for his place and was a good wing. He was always on the spot, and followed up well. His all-round good work has received much favorable comment throughout the school.

BOLE (right scrimmage).—Played on the second team last year. Like Birrell, he was generally in the road of bucks and played hard. His tackling improved very much towards the end of the season, and next year he should be one of the best men.

BRONSON (captain of last year's seconds) proved one of the most useful men on the team. In the first game he played outside wing, where he tackled well and followed up fast. In the last two games he played left half, and sustained his reputation. He was a fast runner, hard worker and excellent dodger.

CARVER I.—Another graduate from last year's second team. He played middle wing against Ridley and T. C. S., but unfortunately had his hip hurt, and was unable to play against U. C. C. He was one of the strongest men on the team, and could generally handle his man. No one could break past him on the wing, and while he didn't hit hard in tackling, he tackled low and brought the man down.

CROSSEN.—Has played on the team three years. Was tried on the half line in the first of the season, but it was considered that his weight and speed would be of more advantage in the wing line, and against T.C.S. and U.C.C. he was played there. He was probably the fastest runner on the team, used his weight, and was a fair tackle.

FERGUSON.—Played on the half line, was a brilliant full-back on the team last year. Like Macdonald I., he could kick with either foot. Was rather weak in catching this year. His best game was against U. C. C., when he acted as an extra wing during a scrimmage in which his opponents had the ball; his tackling was a great factor in stopping bucks and end runs.

MACDONALD.—A sure catch and tackle and, although light, a good kick; not particularly fast, but a good dodger, and when

he ran with the ball a hard man to bring down. He made a reliable full-back in the last two games.

MCARTHUR (quarter).—Was greatly handicapped by having a very weak back; that he played at all in the last two games is surprising, and showed a great deal of grit. He passed accurately, held the ball well, was a hard tackle, and a good man to break through the line.

McLAREN I.—Played during the first of the season in his old position of outside wing, where he was much in evidence on account of his tackling. In the last two games he was at centre-half. The wisdom of this change will be seen when it is stated that against T. C. S. he scored 27 out of 28 points, and against U. C. C. the whole of the 8 points. This alone should stamp him as one of the best halves College has yet had. He was a good all-round player, a sure catch, strong punt, hard tackle, and a good man to lead a buck.

MOFFAT.—Had the honor of being promoted from the thirds to the first team during the season. He was played at full-back against Ridley chiefly on account of his ability to run and tackle. Against T.C.S. he started to play outside wing, but hurt his shoulder in tackling, and was unable to play again during the season. If he had done so there is little doubt that he would have done some brilliant tackling at outside wing.

MULHOLLAND.—Played middle wing, and in the last game outside and was one of the best tacklers who ever donned an S.A.C. uniform. A great man to stop bucks, and had all kinds of nerve when it came to tackling—dived at his man fearlessly and hit him very hard.

TOVELL (inside wing).—This was practically his first year at the game, and he was a source of great strength; a little weak in tackling, but a good aggressive and defensive wing; a hard worker, and on account of his strength and weight, a good man to take the ball and plough through the line.

TUCKETT LAWRY, like Moffat, was promoted from the thirds to the firsts. He replaced Carver I. for the U. C. C. game, and while it was his first match with the first fourteen, played well. He was a good tackle, and knew his position.

WILLMOTT (inside wing and a new color).—He played in the scrimmage on last year's second team. A good defensive player.

HOCKEY.

THE hockey prospects this year are not quite as bright as last year, owing to the fact that Mr. Macdonald will not allow us to enter the O. H. A. From his point of view it must be all right, but it seems pretty tough from the boys' standpoint not to be able to enter after last year's team holding up the honor of old St. Andrew so brilliantly.

Although we are not in the O. H. A., we are not altogether out of it. This fall, owing to the efforts of a few energetic men from Varsity, a Junior Intercollegiate Hockey Union has been formed, which will include University of Toronto III., McMaster University II., Trinity University II., Woodstock College and St. Andrew's.

This will be of great advantage to St. Andrew's, as it enables us to have Mutual St. Rink to practice on, where we can play the game as it should be played, and not have to get out on a frog-pond to bat a puck around in the snow. There will be two rinks at the College, one of which is the same size as Mutual St. ice. This will be a great advantage to the third and fourth teams, for when they commence playing at Mutual they will not be handicapped by large ice. If these rinks are not flooded properly and kept clean they will be of no use. It is to be hoped that they both will be better than the one the Juniors had to practice on in the past. If we always have a good place for our Juniors to play, we will always have a strong first team.

We have three old colors back—Warden, Bronson and Crossen. Although we feel the loss of our star player, "Chas." Grier, it is quite possible to turn out a team that could win just as good a name for the College as last year's. If all reports are true, we have some splendid new material, and with such players off last year's second team as Harold Tovell, Dave Bole, Frank MacDonald, Kilgour, etc., we will be second to none in our class.

If the boys go into the game with the same spirit, and the team gets the same support as they did last year, I have no doubt but what we can be champions of the Junior Intercollegiate Hockey Union, instead of "runners-up" in the Ontario Hockey Association.

CROSSEN.



MR. GRANT COOPER
THE PRESIDENT OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN.

FOR two weeks after the close of the Rugby season all the school's interest was centred upon the approaching cross-country run which was to take place on the 22nd of November.

There was much conjecture as to who would get his name engraved upon the handsome Wallace cup, and among the less aspiring were nightly visions of cakes of untold dimensions. The inducements to run were particularly inviting: a silver medal and also a shield fastened on the cup, and bearing the winner's name, for first place; a bronze medal for second, and a great cake for the third-comer, besides a goodly number of smaller ones distributed along the line for the less fortunate.

The course itself was very different from that of last year. The length was increased from 3 1-2 to 5 1-2 miles, and the country travelled over was more difficult. The extreme boundaries were, roughly, Mount Pleasant Cemetery to the north, Reservoir Park to the west, Rosedale ravine to the south, and the Don to the east. As the course was so hard, it was decided to hold a separate run for the Junior boys on the following Friday.

When the Senior runners lined up, it was noticed that there were not as many as last year, probably owing to the length of the course. Nevertheless, the start was very fast; in fact, too fast to be kept up. Knox set the pace to the tracks, but found the first hill had a somewhat quieting effect. Allen, closely followed by Gill, led from this point to the second hill at a speed hardly less than that at the start.

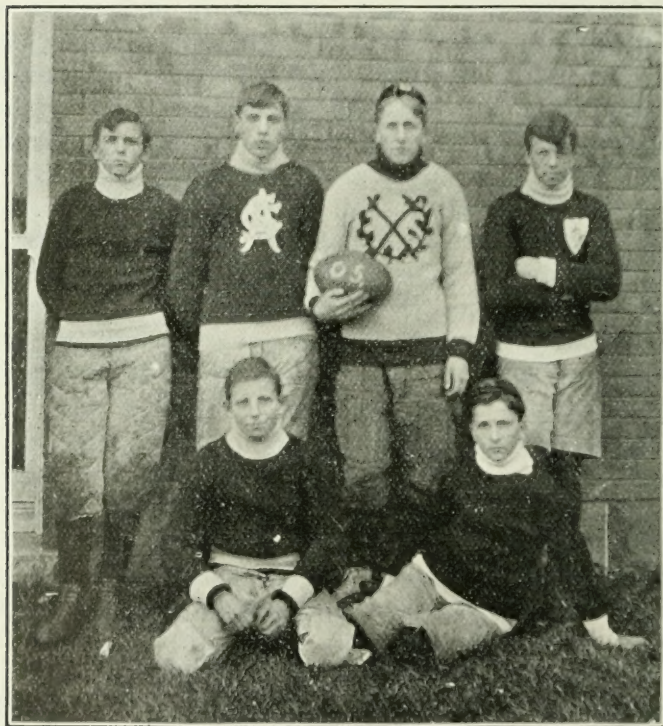
It was this second obstacle, however, which told most upon the runners. The gradual slope from the bottom of the Rosedale ravine up to the lacrosse grounds was a severe test of wind and condition. From these grounds Gill led the pack, but lost some time near the last hill, where he stopped to take off his sweater. In the meantime, Fred Macdonald and Parsons II., who had started more slowly, gradually forged ahead, but Gill,

though very tired, held his position and crossed the line for first place in the time of 32 1-2 minutes.

Close behind came Macdonald, with Parsons II. as third. As this is Parson's first appearance in the cross-country, he deserves great credit for his fine showing.

The cake-winners next appeared, and as each one finished he was hurried away by his many friends.

The Junior run for the coming cup-winners came off three days later. Perry came first, finishing the course in 20 1-2 minutes, with Auld II. second and Rolph third.



The Captains of '05.

Chase IV.


*Ziegler II.
Grant V.*

Allan I.

*Parsons III.
Gillespie VI.*

Prize Stories.

A CHRISTMAS VISION.

NE Christmas Eve, long, long ago, before the old St. Andrew's College was a college, a terrible crime was committed within its walls. So great was the crime that the little spirit who happened to be watching over the place at that time was immediately changed to a lonely ghost that had to roam around in that form until he saw an equally good deed done on some other Christmas Eve.

So he roamed around the place year after year, but saw no good deed done on any Christmas Eve. He was there when a college began, but every Christmas Eve it happened that all the boys went home, so the poor ghost got thinner and thinner, until he could not be seen at all; it is said that he was quite worn out. He was there when the college location was changed, still roaming around very lonely. However, it happened, the Christmas Eve after the college had removed, he was strolling very sorrowfully over a bridge. From this bridge a brightly lit-up college could be seen, and in the middle of the bridge stood one solitary man. Presently two boys from the college, who for some reason or other had been delayed in getting home for Christmas, appeared on the other end of the bridge. Their merry chattering and laughter could be heard distinctly in the stillness of the evening; they seemed far more rejoiced about getting home for Christmas than any ordinary boy. As they drew near to the figure in the middle of the bridge they were silent, and sobs could clearly be heard. The man was in great distress; by his dress the boys could tell he was a poor workman, but their hearts were greatly softened. "May I ask what is the matter?" said one of them. The man turned round and gave a deep sigh. "Oh, oh!" he sobbed, as if his heart would break, and then seemed unable to get any farther. "Come along," said the boy, "tell us, and perhaps we may be able to help you." The man sighed again and then began: "About ten years

ago I ran away from home, and have not heard a word about it since, until this morning when I got a letter saying that my poor mother is dying. I must get home on the midnight train, but I have no money." Then the poor fellow completely broke down. "Oh, the fool, the utter fool I was," he sobbed, "what little money I had I lost last night." "I am going to give my money to him," whispered the smallest boy. "Don't be so foolish," said the other; "you must remember it's all you have got, and if you give him that you can't get home." Before his companion could stop him, he pulled out his roll of bills. "I wonder would this help you?" he asked, holding out the money. "Oh, no, no, I cannot take it from you," said the man, "you could not go home yourself, then." "That is all right," said the boy, "I have lots more, and besides, I can take the next train." The man thus being persuaded that the boy was rich, finally took the money. "How can I thank you, kind sir," he said, "you are so good to me. How can I ever repay you?" After thanking him many times over the man left him; so had his companion. The boy, seeing that he was entirely alone, started slowly back to the college. In the meantime our poor ghost had quite changed, and was again a happy little spirit, influencing the minds of all sorts of people and making them feel very happy. But what did the boy do? He quietly entered the college, and crawled into his little bed. How wretched he felt when he thought of what was going on at home, and to think he might have been there too! Still he knew he had done the right thing on the bridge. While he was thus wandering in his thoughts he gave a deep sigh, and suddenly a soft light was thrown around the room. Looking up he saw a young man bending over him. How nice he looked! How he looked at the boy with those loving eyes, and such a sweet smile! "What is the matter, little man?" he asked, in a voice that sounded soft and loving. The boy gazed at him in wonder for a few seconds. "Nothing—nothing is the matter," he replied, but that face compelled him to tell everything, and he related the whole story about the man on the bridge. "Very good," said the man when the boy had finished, "I was there, too." The boy started. "I did not see you," he said. "But I saw you," the man replied. "I will now tell you my story. I am St.

Andrew. I came to see if there is the same feeling in the new building that there was in the old, and I have seen that the college is worthy of my name, as proved by your act of brotherly love to-night; moreover, you will be happier than anyone else to-morrow, because the real Christmas is Charity and the real Santa Claus is love." Just then the big clock struck twelve, and St. Andrew disappeared. A sharp click was heard in front of the college, and then the boy dropped off to sleep.

It was quite late next morning when he awoke, and oh, how happy he felt! How glad he was that he had helped the man on the bridge!


Everything was bright; bells were pealing everywhere. What a lot of bells there were all over, even in the college!

Although the boy did not get home for his holidays they sped past very quickly. He has not seen St. Andrew since, nor does he know where he disappeared to. However, he thinks that he has taken his post over the front door to watch over the college.

EDWIN BURNS.

Form III. B.

A CHRISTMAS HOLD-UP.

N the afternoon of December 24th, 1—, a carriage and pair were standing outside a country manor in the north of England. The snow was lying upon the ground as far as the eye could reach. The sun had gone behind a cloud near the western horizon, and the cold was intense. The post-boys, straddled on their horses, were fretting uneasily—now blowing into their mits to warm up their fingers, now rubbing their ears to restore the circulation. The coachman was walking to and fro, peering from time to time through the key-hole in the massive front door to see if there was any movement within. They had been waiting an hour in the cold, bleak air, when the door was flung open, and an old lady, followed by her daughter and a couple of servants bearing large bundles, stepped out to the coach. A moment or two afterwards the carriage set off and soon was upon the highroad leading to Bath.

Mrs. Grenville was in high dudgeon. She had expected that her prospective son-in-law, Max Canning, a well-to-do young doctor, would have come over to escort her to his home, where all relatives of the Canning family were to celebrate the Christmas season. It was outrageous that an old lady and her daughter should be exposed to the perils of the highroad! Yes, it was absolutely dangerous! The daughter tried in vain to stem the growing anger of her mother; she endeavored to turn the conversation to the frequent highway robberies which had taken place, and that had been perpetrated by a number of daring cut-throats who defied all attempts at capture. This change in conversation caused a change also in the feelings of the old lady, and what had been intense anger before became intense fear. She listened to the sighing of the wind in the branches with growing apprehension.

Suddenly the coach stopped, and the post-boys, having fired and dropped their blunderbusses, fled precipitately into the bushes skirting the road. A moment later two masked horsemen rode up to the carriage, and while one held guard over the

driver, the other, in a few but courteous words, demanded the surrender of all valuables. It would have been useless to dispute, and in a trice bundles, purses and valuables became the property of the highwayman, who, bowing, bade them "Merry Christmas," and disappeared into the obscurity of the forest. The women had hardly recovered from their fright when their lackeys emerged from the woods and, after setting all in order, started the coach on its way.

The robbery seemed to have driven all previous thoughts from the minds of the ladies, who now were too thankful for their comparatively easy escape to think about their losses. On ruddled the coach, and about an hour after the robbery they were on the crest of a hill about five miles from their destination. Behind them, and fast approaching, could be seen the lights of the mail-coach, and ahead of them, at the foot of the slope, lay a long stretch of forest in which the notorious band had their headquarters. A feeling of security seemed to have fallen upon the occupants of the coach, and the post-boys were asleep on their mounts. They were now in the densest part of the woods. Not a sound was to be heard except the creaking of the wheels and an occasional whinny from the horses. Suddenly, without any warning, two rough-looking men seized the halters of the horses and commanded all to remain still. Then from either side of the road emerged a few figures, who proceeded to search the coach for booty, but as none could be found, the carriage was left to continue its journey, while the brigands proceeded to lie in ambush for the mail-coach. The horrid, repulsive aspect of these men had left a deep impression on the minds of the ladies, and they were thankful, indeed, that they had had nothing valuable to excite the desire of these highwaymen. So from that point to "Redcliffe," the residence of the Cannings, both were afraid for their safety.

However, at nine in the evening they arrived at their destination. Lights shining from every window gave evidence of preparations for a merry Christmastide. The old lady and her daughter were soon surrounded by a throng of happy young folks, eager to hear the story of their adventures. All explained that Max and his brother had been called to visit a sick person some miles away, and that as soon as he arrived the celebrations

would begin. Everyone sympathized with the old lady and endeavored to console her with regard to her loss. A little later a country lad brought news of a great fight up the road between the mail-guards and the highwaymen. Everybody was now in the wildest excitement, and as a consequence did not notice the stage come by. On it came more relatives, and at their heels Max and his brother John. The two latter quickly made their way towards Mrs. Grenville, and apologized that they had been unable to escort them. She, however, was extremely angry with Max, and refused to allow him to approach her daughter until he had recovered the stolen property. Much to her astonishment, the two boys pulled a couple of masks from their pockets, and having fastened these on and pulled slouch hats over their eyes, became the highwaymen who had robbed her of her belongings.

They then explained to her that, as they were obliged to go farther up the highway, they would have been unable to escort the carriage, and so they, by getting all valuables in the carriage into their possession, had cheated the real desperadoes, who were lying in wait farther on. Max, having charge of the booty, had taken the coach home, and, when they arrived near the cross-roads, and were attacked by the brigands, he and John had been instrumental in capturing the robber chief, and thus effecting the break-up of a most powerful robber-band.

Mrs. Grenville was now entirely pacified, and the sham brigands brought in the bundles of which they had relieved the coach. The old lady found great delight in distributing the gifts which they contained. All were now as merry as could be, and the remainder of that Christmas Eve was spent about the Yule log which blazed in the spacious fireplace. Max was forgiven entirely by Mrs. Grenville, and related often, on anniversaries of the occasion, how he won his wife when he captured her wealth in the "Christmas Hold-up."

S. WISHART.

A CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE.

I ARRIVED at Naples on the 24th of December, and found an unpleasant surprise awaiting me when I arrived at the hotel. My chum, whom I was to meet there, had left for England owing to the illness of his father. Well, I was in a beastly awkward position, for the next day was Christmas. I did not know anyone in the town, nor could I speak the lingo.

After dinner, on Christmas Eve, I went for a stroll, as it was very pleasant out of doors. I wandered about for a while in the better quarter of the town; but at last decided to have a look at the poorer districts.

I had not walked half-a-dozen blocks in the lower town when I noticed a husky big sailor following me. At first I thought he was doing it out of curiosity, but later decided there must be some object in his pursuit.

I dodged down a little lane and began to run. He did the same. Several times I tried this plan; in each case he followed.

At last I wearied of being chased, and so walked boldly up to a street-light and waited for my energetic pursuer. He came strolling up, and I tapped him upon the chest motioning him to move off.

Immediately he set up a great yelling, and ran down a side street. I smiled to myself, thinking I had frightened him, and walked in the direction of my hotel.

I had not gone far when I heard a noise of people running behind me. I stopped to see what it was, and soon my friend the sailor hove in sight, accompanied by two policemen and half-a-dozen loungers.

The sailor pointed at me, and gibbered volubly to the policemen, who then came forward and took hold of me.

After some slight resistance, I was forced to accompany them, at the same time protesting in English that I was innocent. Of course, they did not understand me, though they were very polite under the circumstances.

The police station was not far, and when we reached it I

was ushered into a room in which was seated at a desk a man whom I took to be an inspector.

I did not remove my hat or cigarette when I entered, and was scolded severely for my disrespect; at least I suppose that was what the officer was angry at, though his language was unintelligible to me.

I was given to understand, by signs from my judge, that the sailor had accused me of assault and battery. Of course, this was absurd, as I had only tapped him on the chest to emphasize my wishes.

In vain I argued my innocence by signs; he remained unmoved. After I had finished they hustled me off to a stuffy cell for the night.

To say that I was angry was to put it mildly. I was raving. The very thought of spending Christmas in jail set me cursing my luck in the wildest manner.

At last I composed myself and went to sleep. I dreamed I was being murdered, and woke up with a start.

Fully aroused, I banged on my cell door till the jailer came to me; I made him understand that I wanted to see the inspector. At first he would not deliver my message, but after I offered him some money he consented.

About half-an-hour later I was ushered into the audience-room to plead my cause again.

Taking out a memorandum book I wrote a short note to the clerk at the hotel, who knew the English language. I told him of my predicament, and asked for help. I wrote the address on the back of the note, and handed it to the inspector, signing that I wanted it delivered. After some delay he despatched a constable with the note, and I began to feel hopeful.

As I did not wish to return to my stuffy cell, I handed him one of my cards, engraved, "Captain H. R. Gould, 17th Lancers," and let him puzzle over that. The "Captain" seemed to impress him, and I was allowed to remain where I was until the messenger returned.

I waited about an hour, wondering all the while how my note had been received; then the policeman came back, accompanied by a porter from the hotel to act as interpreter.

I told him all, and he argued the case for me. The inspector

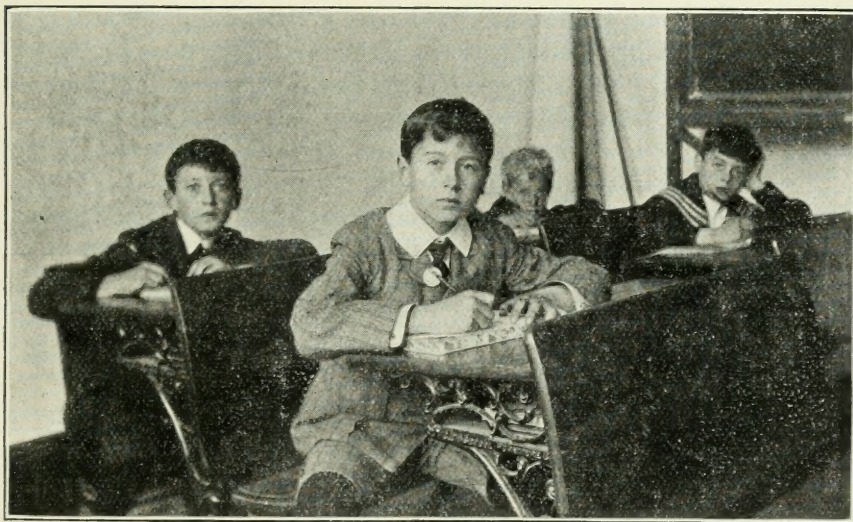
at last seemed to believe him, and, after a last impassioned appeal on the part of the porter, I was pronounced an innocent man, much to my joy.

Revenge is sweet, so I had the sailor summoned and imprisoned till the next morning on the charge of making false accusations.

I rewarded the porter handsomely, and after receiving the apology of the inspector, I drove to the hotel, and had my Christmas breakfast and dinner at the same time.

I think—barring none—that that was the most exciting Christmas experience I ever had.


A. DUNCANSON.



A lucid interval in the Junior Prep.

Miscellany.

THE FOOTBALL SUPPER.

 ON Friday evening, November 24th, took place the last, and perhaps the most enjoyable event of the whole football season. Training for Rugby may be all right at first, as those who got three helpings of meat per diem on this excuse will testify; but it is apt to get monotonous, and so it was a joyful and expectant assemblage that sat down in the dining-room that evening. Even those who were hastily endeavoring to memorize their speeches forgot their troubles for a while.

Covers were set for forty persons, which included the first and second teams, officers of the Athletic Association, masters and old boys. The room was decorated with crimson and white, and the head table was further adorned with a couple of footballs, just to show the purpose of our meeting together.

After full justice had been done to the excellent fare, the second part of the programme commenced. This part began by the President, Mr. Cooper, rising to propose the toast to the King. Before doing so, however, he made a few suitable remarks concerning the past season, then asking all to rise, he gave us "His Majesty," to which all drank loyally, and sang "God Save the King."

The next toast on the list was "Canada," proposed by McLaren and responded to by Bronson. Though McLaren took the resources of the whole Dominion into account, Bronson seemed to be concerned chiefly with those of New Ontario, especially the Cobalt district.

"The College" was proposed by Blackstock. Since, by his own confession, he is a fellow-orator of Cicero, it is easily seen why all were moved to drink his toast so heartily. Mr. Macdonald replied in the absence of Mr. J. K. Macdonald, who unfortunately could not attend.

The Principal said that the school has always shown a spirit and an enthusiasm which has been in great measure responsible for the high position it has attained. He enjoined the boys to maintain this spirit of determination and perseverance, and to remember that they had the good name of the school in their keeping.

Then the health of the first team was proposed by Massey and responded to by Captain Allan. The toast to the second team followed, proposed by Tovell and replied to by the captain, Zeigler.

The Old Boys' Association was next proposed by Bole and responded to by Harry Hausser, who gave us quite an account of life in the old school.

Driscoll found means to get a few digs at the "Staff," while proposing its health, in whose defence Mr. Findlay replied.

The "Ladies" followed. Winans, who proposed it, proved infallibly that the success of our matches was directly proportional to the attendance of the fair sex. Crossen replied, and quoted some poetry containing so many feminine names that he must surely have reached the mark more than once.

The "Cross-country" was then proposed by Macdonald I., and answered by Gill, after which came the toast to the Athletic Association, proposed by "Guy" Wallace, in the absence of Dr. Meyer, and responded to by Fergusson I.

Impromptu speeches and stories were given by the President, Ernie Allen, "Dub" Sale, McArthur, Mr. Northcote and Mr. Ward. After which the company sang "Auld Lang Syne" very touchingly, and then broke up.

A COLLEGE ALPHABET.

- A. A for the Army. It drills twice a week;
All those who would join it had now better speak.
- B. B for the Bell, and the Bell-boy, its ringer,
They disturb our sweet sleep—but call us to dinner.
- C. C for Clinker Secundus, a dog who won't bite;
He's black on the outside, but the inside is white.
- D. D for Detention, in which we all serve,
The masters who give it have got lots of nerve.
- E. E's for Education. Of this there's no lack,
You can see it protruding from every blamed crack.
- F. F for the Flag that's of undying fame.
It floated so brave at the U. C. C. game.
- G. G is for Grub. The meat's (?) gristle and bone,
While the butter's like cheese, and it walks all alone.
- H. H for the Holidays, ever too brief,
Their end always causes most terrible grief.
- I. I for the Ignorance everywhere rife,
It belongs to the school; it's a part of the life.
- J. J stands for John, the friend of us all,
He hails from the old sod, but is fond of the Coll.
- K. K for the Kids, of which there are many,
But they're all by themselves, so we cannot see any.
- L. L for the Lit., where each does his stunt;
If Brilliancy's wanted, you won't have to hunt.

- M. M for Matric. We wish we were through it,
But the time's drawing near, and we're sure we won't do it.
- N. N for the New School—the architect's pride,
You all must approve it, as seen from each side.
- O. O for the Old Boys, an unusual clan,
They're out in the world to get all they can.
- P. P is for Prayers, both morning and night,
They're expected to keep our morality right.
- Q. Q is for Questions the masters hurl at us,
Till something goes wrong with our think-apparatus.
- R. R for REVIEW, of widest renown;
There's certainly nothing to touch it in town.
- S. S for our Statue. For goodness' sake
What did that "sculprit" intend for to make?
- T. T for the Table, at which our team trains,
It develops the muscle, but never the brains.
- U. U is for Uxbridge, that place of great fame,
More famous than ever since McGillivray came.
- V. V for the Victories won o'er our foes,
We'll win again next year, as everyone knows.
- W. W is the first letter of Work,
A thing that we love, and, of course, never shirk.
- X. X for eXams—though it doesn't begin it
It comes second place, and is certainly in it.
- Y. Y is for Youth. Of this there's no dearth,
And somebody says we're the salt of the earth.
- Z. Z for the Zoo, of which we form part,
And with this final crime the authors lose heart.

MASSEY AND WRONG.

THE CADET COMPANY.

CONTRARY to the expectations of many, the much-talked-of Cadet Corps has finally materialized, and has been flourishing for some weeks.

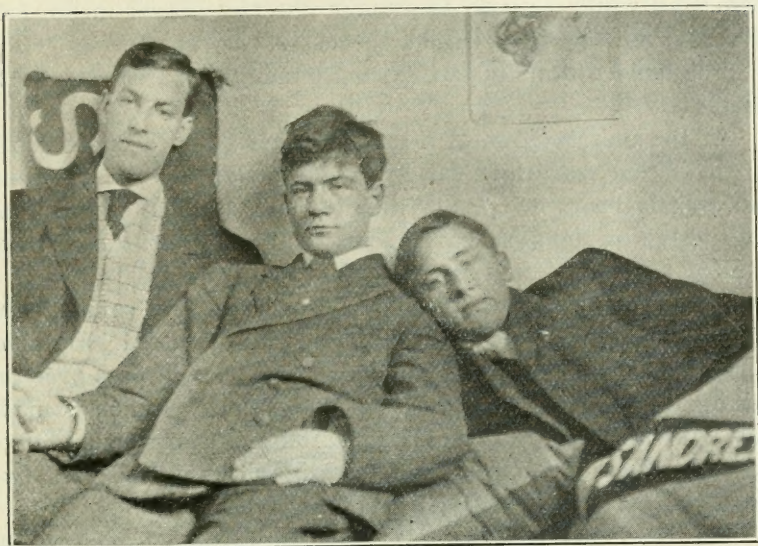
The proposal was first made three years ago, but nothing was definitely accomplished until last season, when drilling commenced. But the old building afforded poor accommodation for arms, and before winter set in the drills were discontinued.

However, at last the Company is organized on a firm basis under the captaincy of Mr. Grant Cooper, and about seventy boys have signed the roll. The services of a sergeant-instructor from Stanley Barracks have been secured and the Government has granted rifles and side-arms.

The Company will be equipped with the Highland uniform, as worn by the Imperial Highland regiments, and the Gordon tartan will be used. The traditions of this historic tartan should have an inspiring effect on the corps. It is to be hoped that the friends of St. Andrew's will give generously to the uniform fund.

But only through the loyal support of the College can the Company ever become a success, and though Captain Cooper and his officers will do their utmost to make things go, the co-operation of the boys—both Cadets and outsiders—is an absolute necessity. The idea of raising such corps through the country is one that should appeal to everyone. The military side of life may seem unimportant in times like the present, but the unexpected sometimes happens, and then the men who have been trained as boys in cadet companies will justify all the pains taken in their early military education.

MASSEY,



The Three Disgraces.

LIFE AT THE NEW SAINT ANDREW'S

WE are now safely ensconced in the new premises, and the Chestnut Park era is almost forgotten. It is a rather big change to come from the cramped quarters of the old house, but we are gradually becoming accustomed to the new palatial surroundings.

By almost imperceptible degrees the workmen are leaving us, though you would never believe it when you knock your head against a plasterer's ladder and then trip over a paint-pot, and go down stairs quickly. But still they *are* leaving, there is no doubt of it, and are demonstrating the mighty truth that the Latin-book is mightier than the saw.

Our devoted old boys would perhaps find some changes in college life since they left us. They would, of course, be filled with dismay at the disappearance of Sunday afternoon Bible-class—that has gone for good. And they would notice that evening prayers, instead of beginning our lamp-light labors, end

them; so, while we used to attempt cheerful prayer in the face of study, now we give thanks because it is over.

The daily routine of our existence may be of interest to outsiders:

At the unholy hour of a quarter after seven a cracked bell of the station restaurant variety rings outside everybody's door, and nobody hears it. A few minutes later the bell of ecclesiastical design on the gym. roof booms forth, and then the corridor is filled with pleasant remarks about the aforesaid bell. At a quarter to eight there is a stampede of great and small to the dining-room, where breakfast is cursed and discussed. By nine-thirty the daily grind has commenced, and we will pass over the painful details with as few words as possible. Lunch is made way with in a brief half-hour, and after this short struggle for existence there is more "book-learning," until half-past two sees the "playful children just let loose from school."

The deeds of the next three hours depend largely on the moods and manners of the masters on duty. Bounds are now larger than ever, but the road to Yonge Street has the charm of excitement, for in crossing the C.P.R. bridge you run the double risk of being sadly disarranged by a freight train and (must we stoop to slang?) of being "pinched" by a section-man. The terrible loss of Frogley's has been replaced to a certain extent by a tuck-shop within bounds—or practically so! But we are leaving the subject. At six the bell tolls again, and dinner meets its fate. After that the midnight oil is burned in the electric lights from seven to ten, with prayers at half-time. And then the Simple Life for a day is ended with the measured tread of the watchman.

The historic Tin Building, after a chequered past, is now installed as the college gymnasium. It is delightfully airy and breezy at present, but time will undoubtedly see the roof on. This building, with the bell on top, looks like Ralph Connor's school-houses, and only lacks the pedagogue at the door with birch-rod in hand.

St. Andrew has been standing on his pedestal over the door for some months, and has the distinction of having his photograph taken with the school teams, for the front steps will be the scene of all such pictures hereafter.

Traditions are everywhere springing up around the new buildings, and college spirit is becoming constantly stronger. We are assuredly in the most successful year in the school's history, and we prophesy a bright and glorious future for old Saint Andrew's. Hoot, mon!

C. V. MASSEY.



ON MR. COOPER'S GOWN.

It's only an old bit of cheese-cloth,
It's only a much-abridged rag,
Yet thousands have trembled before it,
And its memories never will flag.

It floats all-serene through the College,
Adorning its owner's broad back;
The dust has not always been there, boys,
It once was unchangeable black.

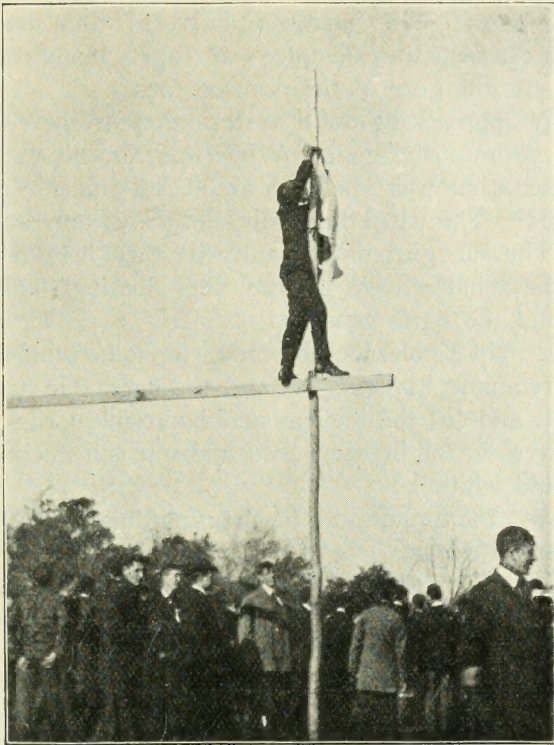
We always had hopes for a new one,
Our spirits were never depressed,
And though the frail remnants still flutter,
We will pray on and hope for the best.

Though you call it a ripped-up old lining,
Though you say it's distinctly too short,
The wearer's a mighty fine fellow,
He's a "bird," and a jolly good sport!

C. V. M.

THE NEW FOOTBALL SONG.

March, march on down the field
Fighting for Andy;
Break through the dark blue line,
Their strength to defy!
We'll give a cheer for Saint Andrew's men,
We're here to win again.
U. C. C. may fight to the end:
But the Saints will win!



THE EPISODE OF THE FLAG.

HE was a bold spirit, that youth of Form V. B. who dared the wrath of a Principal, and risked skin and reputation by taking the cross of Saint Andrew into the blue and white territory of a rampant enemy.

But it was done. In state the ensign journeyed to the hostile field in a drag. With due pomp it was placed in position and loyally its supporters gathered round it.

In vain sage advisers warn the ardent owner to keep the hated standard from the sight of *hostes*—in vain he is told that “something may happen.” “Oh, no sir! I’m sure that everything will be as quiet as a spring poet or an Old Ladies’ Home.”

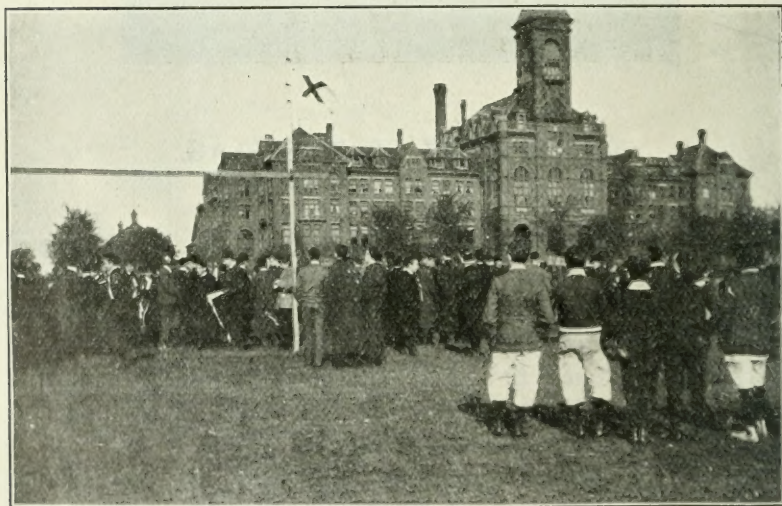
But what do we see at half-time! Is it the enemy congratulating their team? No, horror of horrors! they are coming! Yes, across the field they advance—an eager, blood-thirsty mob—howling for the gore of the crimson men.

They are approaching—still nearer—they are here—they are on us! O ye immortal gods! What was Marathon, what was Thermopylæ, what was Hastings and Cressy and Waterloo to this struggle? The battle rages and surges as only such a contest can. The sun glitters brilliantly on the—fists of the combatants; the wind waves proudly the floating—hair of the warriors, and the strife goes on.

But see! Up a pole, inch by inch, climbs he with the flag—a tattered remnant, 'tis true, but still the flag. He has reached the summit, and lo! the ancient and honorable Cross of Saint Andrew waves in the breeze. And under it is a microscopic bit of indigo and white.

And now "the tumult and the shouting dies," and the victors and vanquished depart.

MASSEY.



ITEMS.

It is hoped that after Christmas the prospective Dramatic Club will be ready for work. It is proposed to put on a good play of rather a light nature, something that will give scope for good, earnest work, and at the same time be free from anything approaching the tragic.

There ought to be good material in the school and plenty of available talent.

More will be said of the scheme at a later date.

Words of welcome had scarcely been uttered to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson before we were called upon to express our sympathy on the former's illness. We had looked forward to having them with us this winter in the Junior House, and sincerely regret the sudden termination to so pleasant a prospect. While proffering our sympathy, we wish also to voice the hope of the School that Mr. Robinson will soon be quite strong again and able once more to take his place in our midst.

A word is due to those who help in the support of our paper by advertising in its pages. One good turn deserves another, and when a boy can get a desired article at the headquarters of our advertisers, we strongly recommend him to do so. He will get the best value for his money, and will receive any benefits that are due him as a pupil of S. A. C.

Look through our advertising columns and do your shopping with open eyes.

An announcement of the marriage of Mr. James Wilson Filshie remembered as "Bill," to Miss Anna J. Covert, will prove of interest to many of the old boys. The wedding took place at Oakes, North Dakota, on the 16th of August. It is not too late, however, for the REVIEW to tender its congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness.

GYMNASIUM.

E. A. CHAPMAN, DIRECTOR.

WHEN completed the new gymnasium at St. Andrew's College will be the best college gym. in Canada, and one the boys of St. Andrew's will feel proud of.

The building itself is well ventilated, and heated by steam, and will have the latest equipment, including chest weights for developing the upper body and correcting physical defects, such as round and low shoulders, etc.; the horizontal and vaulting bars for developing the arms, shoulders, back and chest; the peaked ladder for straightening the body and correcting the stoop so often found in school-children; the climbing rope for arms, shoulders, back and chest; the rope ladder for developing the whole body; two sets of adjustable parallel bars, that can be used by the boy of eight years to the tallest boy (this apparatus develops the body to a remarkable degree); an adjustable German horse (this apparatus is used for developing the entire body, particularly the arms, chest and shoulders); also flying and travelling rings which will help greatly to broaden the shoulders and give the boys of St. Andrew's College an erect physique. A large hand-ball court will be made at end of the gym., also wrist machines, jumping standards, etc.

Regular classes will be held in freehand, wands, dumb-bells, etc., and regular gym. leaders will be selected to lead the class in apparatus work. The gymnastic nomenclature, as taught in the large American universities will be taught. The boys of S. A. C. have a physical and medical examination twice a year, and boys with physical defects, such as round shoulders, drooping head, bow or knock knees and crooked spines, are given special work to do.

Special attention will be given to boxing, fencing, wrestling, jiu jitsu, single stick, broadsword and bayonet work. We aim to teach the boys how to protect themselves against attack, and to protect their friends, as well as for their own satisfaction and

sport. This work will be under the supervision of the Director, who holds nine championships of this nature, both in Canada and the United States.

In the spring the first annual championships of the College will be held in boxing, fencing, and wrestling, both in the upper and lower schools. Gold medals emblematic of the championship of St. Andrew's College will be given in each class. It was the original intention the College should buy these medals, but feel the boys would appreciate them more if they were donated by parents and gentlemen interested in the College. The Principal and Director will be glad to hear from parents so inclined. Two gold medals have already been donated, viz., the Principal's gold medal for the boxing championship and the Director's gold medal for the wrestling championship.

The first annual assault-at-arms will be held in the spring, when we will have exhibitions by the different champions, also general gym. work showing what has been accomplished during the season.

With these excellent facilities at hand, the boy who graduates from the new St. Andrew's College will be, both physically and intellectually, second to none in the Dominion.

Skits.

Oh, Remember!

Oh remember, oh remember!
It is your place to write,
To help the paper all you can.
To make it a delight.

If in it there you wish to see
Good jokes and stories bright,
And poems, sketches, clever tales,
For each month try to write.

—*Ex.*

Oyez! Oyez!! Oyez!!!

Composition time is nearly here. Have you got your composition done yet? Do you like spending your time in detention?

Buy your ideas on compositions from Wrong. Absolutely novel ideas. Compositions in any style desired. Witty and epigrammatic ones slightly more expensive than scientific.

REFERENCES.

"I was much interested and amused by one of Wrong's compositions."—Mr. Wilson.

"A bright, epigrammatic style."—Mr. Findlay.

We pay highest prices for second-hand ideas and compositions.

Compositions re-modelled exceedingly cheaply.

Come early, avoid the rush, and get a large choice.

Rumor says that McLachlin dealt most profitably in speeches just before the football dinner.

Imagine Massey trying to impersonate Richard Mansfield as *Shylock* in the "Merchant of Venice."

We would like to inform the public that next week the dramatic impersonator, N. C. McArthur, will present "The Giggling Bar-Maid." Time, summer of 1905. Place, round and about Cobalt-by-the-sea.

In French lesson.—Master: "Translate "*Vœu de casse-
role*."

Geggie (taking his cue from the prompter): "Baked beans, sir!"

Young lady (seeing "Red" McLaren with first team cap on): "How is it that part of that boy's hair has faded?"

Mr. R. to Mr. C.: "I saw Phillips I. smoking a cigarette down-town and told him to report to you on his return. Did he do so?"

Mr. C.: "No. Phillips I. left school last term!"

The doctor is much alarmed at the sudden development of heart failure in the Carver family. Their frequent fainting-fits are causing the masters much uneasiness—especially during evening study.

Duncanson: "Graham, hit Lynde with that potato!"

Ike: "No, he would feel it."

Duncanson: "Well, then, hit Gunn II."

McGillivray is still wearing his yachting cap. He must be going to indulge in some ice-boating this winter.

The path across the desert to the car line will remind historians of Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow.

Forge (as Rough Riders pass into Rosedale grounds):
"Hello, Mr. Pulford."

Lieut. Massey reports that the Cadet Corps will be ready for church parade May 1st, A.D. 2000.

Emma Willmot has at last joined the Red-Headed League, and is proud of the honor of being a full-fledged member.

We don't do it like that in Uxbridge.

Crossen: "I say, fellows, if you can't get a picture of the hockey team to send down to the paper, I'll send my photograph."

McKenzie (in Latin class): "*Dux imperavit obsidesque*"—"And the general ordered sausages."

Heard (in French class): "Everybody works but Papa Perichon."

Mr. Cooper (hearing a noise in Room 27): "That sounds like Hale."

McLachlin, Massey & Co., Dealers in Fine Ribbons.

Preparatory infant: "Mr. Cooper, I'll give you a car ticket for that gown!"

Master (calling roll): "Where's Cutler, Chase?"

Chase: "Answering a summons, sir!"

Birrel finds that since he got his white sweater it is awfully cold coming in from the country.

Girl (to Forgie): "Are you a prefect?"

Forgie: "No, but I know as much as they do."

(That isn't saying much.)

It's a shame to see the way the principal put a stop to college spirits!

Tovell and McLachlin have quite an exciting time every meal to see who can give their milk and toast away first.

(Every little bit helps.)

Massey (to master): "Sir, don't you think that every boy who pays seventy-five cents should be allowed into the football dinner?"

Tiny's main substance now is Nestle's Baby Food.

So far the only muscle builder about the gym., namely, the Bell, has been monopolized by Charlie Prior.

"I use two pairs of skates every season. I have had my mic-macs for three years." (Uxbridge logic.)

Happy, it is a wonder that tooth of yours doesn't wear out.

Copp II.: "Please, sir, isn't one pair of pants two?"

Mr. F.: "What horse retraces a long distance with the same spirit with which he first traversed it?"

Intelligent youth: "A saw-horse."

No wonder that Pig finds himself behind in his monthly accounts when he spends so much on facial preparations.

Girl (to Forgie): "I thought I saw you playing on the seconds this year?"

Forgie: "I would have been on, only I hurt my finger; but if I come back next year, and gain a few more pounds, I will make the firsts."

Mr. W—d: "Norris, take an hour."

Norris (*sotto voce*): "Much obliged."

Mr. W—d: "Were you speaking to me?"

MacLaren: "Let me see. I scored 17 points against T. C. S. No other fellow in the school has ever scored that many before, has he?"

Pig Bronson is reported to have offered a prize to the boy who put in the most skits about him.

"Oh, yes! Mr. Pulford is a gentleman. He has been at our house often."—Forgie.

Harold Tovell got his money's worth down at the 14 on Richmond Street.

For sale.—Spirit lamps.

The man from Uxbridge (reading in class): "I'm going a-milking, sir."

Copp I. gave the following rendering of "The Burial of Sir John Moore:

"No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his material cloak around him."

Master (reading from "The Merchant of Venice"): "Who riseth from a feast with that same appetite that he sits down?"

Crossen: "I do, sir."

You must write zem down and learn zem.

"Oh! you McGill candidates. You will not work."

Mr. F—d—y (to McGillivray): "Could you write an essay on a trip to town?"

Mr. Fl—m—g: "Why weren't you in class yesterday, McLachlin?"

McLachlin (jauntily): "I skipped, sir."

(Murmurs from the desk about quintessence of gall.)

Imagine Massey trying to impersonate Richard Mansfield as "*Shylock*" in "*The Merchant of Venice*."

Mulholland has been advertising S. A. C. first football sweaters in front of a certain ladies' college on Bloor Street.

Mr Ward: "Take an hour, Forsyth, for talking."

Forsyth: "I didn't quite catch that, sir."

Mr. Ward: "Take two hours."

Forsyth: "I caught that, sir."

"By gosh! Now, in Uxbridge . . ."

Extracts from Baron Munchausen (Uxbridge edition):
"Yes, that auto was going 425 miles an hour, so I ran right over the cow. I don't know if it was killed. I didn't stop."

Beacon Lights—MacLaren, McArthur, McKay and Duff.

Duff (trudging across to Church Street car through five feet of snow): "Leave me, comrades, here I drop!"

No more cocoa for Bobby.

Dave Bole suggested to Crossen that they put a cent in St. Andrew's outstretched hand on Christmas Eve.

At last! At last! The North Pole has been discovered where the first sod was turned for S. A. C.

The brave attempts of one or two illustrious youths to decorate St. Andrew on Hallowe'en ended in failure on account of the wind.

Tiny has sacrificed his last winter's overcoat (alias horse-blanket) to cover, and at the same time shield, St. Andrew against attacks of Jack Frost.

Curses on your pesky hide.

Stop your pouting, Jimmy.

It was reported the other day that Trixie had waked up, but, alas! it was false.

The following effusion is a product of Form I.:

JOEN DARC.

Joan arc was a man who never had any schooling. But he had a very worn heart and pity for everybody. He once reached a woman with a worm heart and had pity for her.

Charles was crowned at Rheins and was anointed with oil and had believed he had come down from heaven.

His name was brought before him as being Jeon the maid, the rude soilders indeed thought he was from heaven.

Our many friends will be glad to know that those who have literary talents are being encouraged; the result is, that several of the boys have published books. Among the best are: "The Dream of an Army," C. V. Massey; "The Art of Eating," R. J. Gill; "Hot Air Furnaces," H. F. Bronson; "Etiquette of Love Letters," L. Crossen; "History of the Uni-

The Semi-ready College Suit

To the stranger, your measure of success is gauged by the clothes you wear.

The "front" you show greatly influences the hearing you get. It pays to be well dressed.

The Semi-ready Sack Suit is pre-eminently the garb of the college man. It has the neatness and style that demand attention.

We tailor Semi-ready suits in several single and double-breasted styles. No matter which cut suits your individual idea you may depend on its absolute correctness.

Tweeds, worsteds and serges are the materials used, and each one carries the full strength of the Semi-ready guarantee.

Wouldn't you like to have a look at our college suits?

Semi-ready Tailoring

22 King Street West, Toronto

versity of Michigan," W. W. Winans; "Tribulations of a McGill Candidate," G. M. Graham; "Sleep-Walking," Gunn II; "Cow-Punching with a Motor," McGillivray; "Eighteen Ways of Cooking Beefsteak," W. A. Leask; "The Knockers," D. S. McLaren; "Artistic Struggles," H. M. Tovell; "Anecdotes; or That Reminds Me," H. A. Driscoll; "The Smoke Eater," N. McArthur; "Me, Him, and I," McLaren and Bronson; "Speech-Writing as a Profitable Business," McLachlin; "Tackle, Push, and Practice," H. W. Allan.

How to Kill the Paper.

1. Do not buy a paper; borrow your classmate's paper—be a sponge.
 2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a chump.
 3. Never hand in articles, and be sure to criticize everything in the paper—be a knocker.
 4. If you are a member of the staff play tennis or "society" when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.
 5. Tell your neighbor he can get more news for less money—be a squeeze.
- If you can hustle and make the paper a success—be a corpse.
Get the idea?—*Ex.*

